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Dear Harold,

When I see, and read, your voluminous correspondence I am ashamed! You, after the serious heart surgery are more energetic and prolific than I on vacation. Yes, I am ashamed. But it is easier for me to be ashamed than to "take pen in hand" and break my slothness(?). I am old and lazy!

Another reason for my laziness is my complacence and indifference in all things political. I've lived long enough (I was about to say "toolong") and have seen enough in Europe (Russia) the Middle East, and the USA ~~and~~ to believe in the French cliché; "Plus ça change, plus c'est la meme chose." 100% true. Politics is like the weather, it cycles and recycles. We have the seasons; good weather and bad weather: storms, hurricanes, tornadoes, typhoon, cyclones earthquakes; floods, etc, etc. And eventually, the promised rainbow and a period of peace and hope. Then back to chaos and blood letting. Politics = Weather

I believe that politics is like nature. It doesn't give a damn about life. At any given time nature explodes and destroys all life in its path. So does politics. When the time comes, there is revolution, war and destruction of life standing in its way. Good and evil has no meaning in nature or in politics. Good and evil according to Spinoza are human terms. Politicians are not humans.

You are human, all too human. You, like Don Quixote, fight the windmills and in the process get churned up. You are interested in your roots I am not. I want to forget the hurt of the past. My old roots are dead. I don't care for their perestroika. Now it's C.Y.A (you know— "cover your ass"). I've lost the strength and courage to fight—knowing it's only windmills. I am an old coward, but I admire an old gladiator. In fact I love a brave man—YOU! LOVE Joe

P.S. Love to Lil, a woman of valour!